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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

INCLUDING

Several Pieces

NOT INSERTED IN DR. CURRIE'S EDITION;

EXHIBITED UNDER

A NEW PLAN OF ARRANGEMENT;

AND PRECEDED BY

AN ORIGINAL LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

A Critique upon his Writings;

WITH AN ENLARGED GLOSSARY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

BOOK IV.

HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL, EPIGRAMMATICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

	PAGE.
Tam o' Shanter	9
Halloween	20
The Jolly Beggars	31
Death and Dr. Hornbook	44
A Dream	51
Scotch Drink	57
The Author's earnest Cry and Prayer	62
Address to the Deil.	69
On the late Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland, collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom	74
Lines, written in a Wrapper, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose	76
Epigram on Captain Grose	78
Lines on an Interview with Lord Daer... ...	78
The Inventory	80

PAGE.

To a Louse, on seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church 83
Address to the Tooth-Ache 85
To a Haggis 86
The Holy Fair 88
The Ordination 98
Address to the unco Guid, or the rigidly Righteous 103
The Twa Herds 106
The Calf 110
Holy Willie's Prayer 111
Epitaph on Holy Willie 114
The Kirk's Alarm 115
Letter to John Goudie, Kilmarnock 119
A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq. ... 120
Lines addressed to Mr. John Ranken 125
Lines, written by Burns, while on his Death-bed, to the same 125
Extempore on the late Mr. William Smellie. . 126
———— to Mr. S**e, on refusing to dine with him, after having been promised the first of Company, and the first of Cookery 127
———— to Mr. S**e, with a Present of a Dozen of Porter 127
———— written in answer to a Card from an intimate of the Author, inviting him to spend an hour at a Tavern 128
———— written in a Lady's Pocket-Book 128
Lines on Miss J. Scott, of Ayr 128
—— on being asked, why God had made Miss Davis so little, and Mrs. *** so large.. 129
—— written under the Picture of the celebrated Miss Burns 129

PAGE.
Lines written and presented to Mrs. Kemble, on seeing her in the Character of Yarico... 129
Lines written on the Windows of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries 130
—— written on a Window, at the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries 131
A Verse, presented by the Author to the Master of a House, at a place in the Highlands, where he had been hospitably entertained. 131
Epigram on the Neglect of an Inn-keeper .. 132
——- on Elphinstone's Translation of Martial's Epigrams 132
Verses written on a Window of the Inn at Carron 133
Epitaph on a celebrated ruling Elder.... ... 133
——— on a noisy Polemic 133
——— on wee Johnny 134
——— for G. H. Esq. 134
——— on a Wag in Mauchline 134
——— on John Dove, Inn-keeper, Mauchline 135
——— on Walter S——— 135
——— on a henpecked Country Squire ... 136
Epigram on said Occasion 136
Another 136
On the Death of a Lap-dog, named Echo.... 137
Impromptu on Mrs. ——'s Birth-day 137
Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice... 138
The Epitaph 139
Ode, sacred to the Memory of Mrs. —, of —— 139
The henpecked Husband 140
Elegy on the year 1788 141
Tam Samson's Elegy 143
The Epitaph 146

PAGE.

Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson.. ... 147
The Epitaph 151
On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies. 152
On Pastoral Poetry... 154
Prologue, spoken at the Theatre, Ellisland,
on New-Year Day Evening 156
——— spoken by Mr. Woods, on his Benefit-
Night 158
The Rights of Woman, an occasional Address,
spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit-
Night 160
Address, spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her
Benefit-Night, at the Theatre, Dumfries... 161
Fragment, inscribed to the Right Hon. C. J.
Fox... 163
Inscription for an Altar to Independence..... 165
Address to Edinburgh 165

BOOK V.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A Vision 168
Bannockburn.—Bruce's Address to his Army 170
Song of Death 171
Imitation of an old Jacobite Song... 172
The Lovely lass of Inverness... 173
The absent Warrior.—" O Logan, sweetly
didst thou glide"... 174
The Warrior's Return.—" When wild war's
deadly blast was blawn" 175

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Lord Gregory	178
Open the door to me, oh!	179
The Intreaty.—"Let me in this ae night"...	180
The Answer.—"O tell na me o' wind and rain"	181
The forlorn Lover.—"Forlorn, my love, no comfort near"	182
The dreary Night.	183
Poortith cauld	184
Clarinda	185
Isabella.—"Raving winds around her blowing"	186
Wandering Willie	187
The parting Kiss	188
The roaring Ocean...	189
Fair Eliza.—"Turn again, thou fair Eliza"	190
Eliza.—"Farewell thou stream that winding flows"	191
Departure of Nancy	192
My Nanie's awa	193
Gloomy December	194
The Braes o' Ballochmyle	195
Banks o' Doon...	196
Craigie-burn	197
The cheerless soul.—"Again rejoicing nature sees"	198
The disconsolate Lover.—"Now spring has clad the groves in green"	199
Mary Morison	201
Fair Jenny.—"Where are the joys I have met in the morning?"	202
Address to the Wood-lark	203
Fragment in Witherspoon's Collection of Scots Songs	204
Addresss to a Lady	205

PAGE.

The auld Man 205
John Anderson my jo 206
Auld lang syne 207
Hopeless Love.—" Blithe hae I been on yon hill" 208
Banks of Nith 209
Banks of Cree 210
Castle Gordon 211
Afton Water 212
The Sacred Vow.—" By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove" 213
The Rigs o' Barley 214
The Lea-Rig 216
The Lass o' Ballochmyle 217
Bonie Lesley 218
Bonie Jean.—" There was a lass, and she was fair" 219
To Jeanie.—" Come, let me take thee to my breast" 221
Dainty Davie 222
Lovely Nancy.—" Thine am I, my faithful wife" 223
Clouden Knowes 224
To Chloris 226
Chloris 227
Lassie wi' the lint-white Locks 228
'This is no my ain Lassie 229
Jessy.—" Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear" 230
The Birks of Aberfeldy 231
The Rose-bud 232
Peggy's Charms.—" When braving angry winter's storms" 233
The blissful Day.—" The day returns my bosom burns" 234

PAGE.

Constancy.—O were I on Parnassus hill" .. 235
Lovely Jean.—" Of a' thu airts the wind can blaw" 236
The blue-eyed Lassie 237
Wilt thou be my Dearie? 237
Lucy.—" O wat ye wha's in yon town" ... 238
Blithe Phemie.—" Blithe, blithe and merry was she" 240
Charming Nannie.—" Behind yon hills where Lugar flows" 241
Green grow the Rashes 242
The Highland Lassie 243
Anna.—" Yestreen I had a pint o' wine" ... 245
The Spinning Wheel 246
The Country Lassie 247
Tam Glen 249
O for Ane-and-Twenty, Tam 250
Somebody.—" My heart is sair, I dare na tell" 251
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ... 252
What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld Man? 253
My Tocher's the Jewel 253
The Mercenary Lover—" Hey for a Lass wi' o tocher" 254
Meg o' the Mill 255
Auld Rob Morris 256
To Tibbie.—" O Tibbie, I hae seen the day" 257
Duncan Gray 258
The braw Wooer 260
Willie's Wife.—" Sic a wife as Willie had" .. 262
Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut 263
Guidwife, count the Lawin 264
Honest Poverty 265

PAGE.
The auld Man 205
John Anderson my jo 206
Auld lang syne 207
Hopeless Love.—" Blithe hae I been on yon hill" 208
Banks of Nith 209
Banks of Cree 210
Castle Gordon 211
Afton Water 212
The Sacred Vow.—" By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove" 213
The Rigs o' Barley 214
The Lea-Rig 216
The Lass o' Ballochmyle 217
Bonie Lesley 218
Bonie Jean.—" There was a lass, and she was fair" 219
To Jeanie.—" Come, let me take thee to my breast" 221
Dainty Davie 222
Lovely Nancy.—" Thine am I, my faithful wife" 223
Clouden Knowes 224
To Chloris 226
Chloris 227
Lassie wi' the lint-white Locks 228
'This is no my ain Lassie 229
Jessy.—" Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear" 230
The Birks of Aberfeldy 231
The Rose-bud 232
Peggy's Charms.—" When braving angry winter's storms" 233
The blissful Day.—" The day returns my bosom burns" 234

PAGE.

Constancy.—O were I on Parnassus hill" .. 235
Lovely Jean.—" Of a' thu airts the wind can blaw" 236
The blue-eyed Lassie 237
Wilt thou be my Dearie? 237
Lucy.—" O wat ye wha's in yon town" ... 238
Blithe Phemie.—" Blithe, blithe and merry was she" 240
Charming Nannie.—" Behind yon hills where Lugar flows" 241
Green grow the Rashes 242
The Highland Lassie 243
Anna.—" Yestreen I had a pint o' wine" ... 245
The Spinning Wheel 246
The Country Lassie 247
Tam Glen 249
O for Ane-and-Twenty, Tam 250
Somebody.—" My heart is sair, I dare na tell" 251
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ... 252
What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld Man? 253
My Tocher's the Jewel 253
The Mercenary Lover—" Hey for a Lass wi' o tocher" 254
Meg o' the Mill 255
Auld Rob Morris 256
To Tibbie.—" O Tibbie, I hae seen the day" 257
Duncan Gray 258
The braw Wooer 260
Willie's Wife.—" Sic a wife as Willie had" .. 262
Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut 263
Guidwife, count the Lawin 264
Honest Poverty 265

PAGE.

Contentment.—" Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair" 267
Caledonia,—" Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon" 268
The Battle of Sheriff-Muir 269
The Dumfries Volunteers 271
The Whistle 273
John Barleycorn 278

POEMS,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

BOOK IV.

HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL, EPIGRAMMATICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame

Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he, frae *Ayr*, ae night did canter,
(Auld *Ayr* wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O *Tam!* had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife *Kate's* advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in *Doon*;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony,

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or, like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;

Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

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As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn,
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him *Doon* pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn!*
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the Devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na Deils a boddle,
But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! *Tam* saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which, heroic *Tam* was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbit airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft.
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;

Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout,
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay, stinking, vile, in every neuk.
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now *Tam*, O *Tam!* had they been queans
A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core
(Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore!

For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd monie a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang)
And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;

Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout,
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When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;

So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam!* ah, *Tam!* thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember *Tam o' Shanter's* mare.

---

* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, NOTES are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.]

HALLOWEEN*.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To be more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

Upon that night, when fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans*† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for *Colean* the route is taen,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;

---

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; parcularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the earls of Cassilis.

There up the *Cove**, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

Amang the bonie winding banks,
Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce† ance rul'd the martial ranks,
And shock the *Carrick* spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,
An' haud their *Halloween*
Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
Whyles fast that night.

Then first and foremost thro' the kail,
Their *stocks*‡ maun a' be sought ance;

---

* A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were earls of Carrick.

‡ The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, haud in hand, with eyes shut, and pull

They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *bow-kail*,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A *runt* was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee things, todlin, rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
An' gif the *custock's* sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their *stalks o' corn** ;

---

the first they meet with. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custock*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door: and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her *tap pickle* maist was lost,
When kiutlin in the fause-house*
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet *nits*†
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads an' lasses' fates,
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is *Jock*, and this is *me*,
She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, an she owre him,
As they wad never mair part!
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

---

*When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind; this he calls a *fause-house*.

† Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail-runt*,
Was *brunt* wi' primsie Maillie;
An' Malile, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie:
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by *jing*,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel:
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *blue-clue** throws then,
Right fear't that night.

---

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *Wha haudi?* i. e. Who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

An' ay she win't, and ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin ;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d ! but she was quakin !
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did not wait on talkin
To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her graunie says,
" Will ye go wi' me graunie ?
I'll *eat the apple* at the glass*,
I gat frae uncle Johnie :"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

" Ye little skelpie limmer's face !
How daur you try sic sportin,
As seek the foul Thief onie place,
For him to spae your fortune ?
Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight !*
Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' died deleeret
On sic a night.

---

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time ; the face of your conjugal companion *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

" Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fyfteen ;
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green ;
An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
An' just on *Halloween*
It fell that night.

" Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow ;
He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmacalla :
He gat *hemp-seed*,* I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't ;
But monie a day was *by himsel*,
He was sae sairly frightet
That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck ;
For it was a' but nonsense :

---

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed ; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, " Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, " Come after me, and shaw thee ;" that is, show thyself ; in which case, it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, " Come after me, and harrow thee."

The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him ;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin ;
The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
An' haurls at his curpin :
An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
" Hemp-seed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, and draw thee
As fast this night."

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' march,
To keep his courage cheery ;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie :
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation !
An' young an' auld cam rinnin out,
An' hear the sad narration :
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
'Till stop ! she trotted thro' them a' ;
An' wha was it but *grumphie*
Asteer that night !

Meg fain wad to the *barn* hae gaen
To *winn three wechts o' naething** :
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in :
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
And owre the threshold ventures ;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
Syne bauldly in she enters ;
A *ratton* rattl'd up the wa',
An' she cry'd L—d preserve her !
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a'
An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice :
They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
It chanc'd the *stack* he *faddom'd thrice*†,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin :

---

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible ; for there is a danger that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht* ; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

† Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *bear-stack*, and

He taks a swirlie, auld moss oak,
For some black, grousome carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes came haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen;
But, och! that night, amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare *three lairds' lands met at a burn**,
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

---

fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet-sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

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Amang the brachens, on the brae
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the *pool*
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The *luggies* three* are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is taen,
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin *Mar's-year* did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery.
Till *butter'd so'ons*t, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

---

* Take three dishes: put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the ear of matrimony a maid: if in the foul, a widow: if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Hal-lowen supper*.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS,

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrow the yird
Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird*,
  Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
  In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
  O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nancie's held the splore,
  To drink their orra duddies:
    Wi' quaffing and laughing,
      They ranted and they sang;
    Wi' jumping and thumping,
      The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
  And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
  She blinket on her sodger:

---

* The old Scotch name for the Bat.

An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpin kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an aumos dish.
Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip,
Then staggering and swaggering
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE—" Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come:
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and
leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my
callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the win-
ter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks often times for a home
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle
tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of the
drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out encore!
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier Laddie."

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;

Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventur'd the *soul* and I risked the *body*,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair;
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
But still I can join in a cup or a song;
And whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For monie a pursie she had hooked,
And had in monie a well-been ducked.
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woody!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE—"O an ye were dead, Gudeman."

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Laliand laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared none,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd to trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappan limb and gaucy middle,
He reach'd nae higher,
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an Arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' *Allegretto* glee
His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me to be my dear,
An' then your ev'ry care and fear
May whistle o'er the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And O! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about till daddie Care
Sing whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursels about the dyke,
An' at our leisure, when we like,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, *cauld*, an' a' sic harms,
May whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a rusty rapier.—
He swore by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he would, from that time forth,
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
And so the quarrel ended.
But though his little heart did grieve,
When round the tinker press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her.

AIR.

TUNE—"Clout the Caudron."

My bonie lass I work in brass,
A tinker is my station:
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation.

I've taen the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when aff I march'd
To go and clout the caudron.
I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp
Wi' a' his noise an' cap'rin,
And tak a share wi' those that bear
The *budget* and the *apron*.
And by that stowp! my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbaigie*,
If e'er ye want or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, wi' an air
That show'd a man of spunk,
Wish'd *unison* between the pair,
An made the bottle clunk
To their health that night

---

* A peculiar sort of whiskey so called, a great favourite with Poosie-Nansie's clubs.

But hurchin cupid shot a shaft
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's * craft,
Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
And shor'd them dainty Davie.
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed;
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
Nor want, but—when he thirsted!
He hated naught but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE—"For a' that, and a' that."

I am a bard of no regard
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

---

* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh *for a' that.*

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My *Helicon* I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love and a' that;
But for how lang the *flæ muy stang*,
Let *inclination* law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
They've taen me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's the *sex!*
I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that;
My dearest bluid, *to do them guid,*
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
  Re-echo'd from each mouth :
They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
  To quench their lowan drouth.
Then owre again, the jovial thrang
  The poet did request,
To lowse his pack, an' wale a sang,
  A ballad o' the best :
    He, rising, rejoicing
      Between his twa *Deborahs*,
    Looks round him, an' found them
      Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—" Jolly mortals fill your glasses."

See the smoking bowl before us!
  Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
  And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
  Liberty's *a glorious feast!*
Courts for cowards were erected,
  Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter *how* or *where*.
A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended *carriage*
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a *variorum*,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about *decorum*,
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets;
Here's to all the wand'ring train;
Here's our ragged *brats* and *callets!*
One and all cry out, *Amen!*
A fig, &c.

A fig for those by law protected!
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DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK,

A TRUE STORY.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd.
Ev'n Ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
's a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising Moon began to glow'r
The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear, dangling hang;
A three-tac'd leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wane it had awa!
And then, its shanks.
They were as thin, as sharp, an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks!

"Guid-e'en," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been mawin
When ither folk are busy sawin*?"
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun,
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe—"My name is *Death*,
But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Guid faith!
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!"

---

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
Come, gie's your news;
This while* ye hae been monie a gate,
At monie a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun *Death*.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me;
Till ane *Hornbook's*† taen up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me.

---

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

† This gentleman, Dr. *Hornbook*, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.

"Ye ken *Jock Hornbrook* i' the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' *Buchan**
An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
An' pouk my hips.

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart;
But Doctor *Hornbrook*, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
D-mn'd haet they'll kill!

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care,
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"*Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortify'd the part,
That when I looked to my dart
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

---

* Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Altho' their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells't.

"And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kind o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

"Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail-clippings,
And monie mae."

"Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole** now,"
Quo' I, "if that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the pleugh;
They'll ruin *Johnny!*"

---

* The grave-digger.

The creature grain'd an eldrich laugh,
And says, " Ye need na yoke the plough,
Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear :
They'll a' be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh
In twa-three year.

" Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That *Hornbook's* skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap an' pill.

" An honest Wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair ;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

" A countra Laird had taen the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
An' pays him well,
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was Laird himsel.

" A bonnie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame ;
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In *Hornbook's* care ;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way,
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt:

"But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin;
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin!"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twal*,
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did *Death*.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason;
But surely *Dreams* were ne'er indicted *Treason*.

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureat's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following *Address*.]

GUID-MORNING to your *Majesty!*
May heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *birth-day* ye see,
A humble Poet wishes!
My Bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By monie a lord and lady;
"God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said ay;
The *Poets*, too, a venal gang
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor;
So, nae reflection on *your grace*,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
Or faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges,)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G-d sake! let nae *saving-fit*
Abridge your bonie barges
An' boats this day.

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By monie a lord and lady;
"God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang
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Abridge your bonie barges
An' boats this day.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

Hail, *Majesty most excellent!*
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple Poet gies ye?
Thae bonie bairn-time, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' W——
I tell your *Highness* fairly,
Down pleasur's stream wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged *cowte's* been known
To mak a noble *aiver* ;
So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, him* at *Agincourt* wha shone,
Few better were or braver ;
An yet, wi funny, queer *Sir John*†,
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend O———,
Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
Altho' a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer :
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth ! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her ;
A glorious *galley*‡, stem an' stern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter ;
But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An' large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

---

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff. Vide Shakspeare.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer na *British boys* awa',
For kings are unco scant ay;
An' German gentles are but *sma'*,
They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But, ere the *course* o' life be thro',
It may be bitter sautet:
An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
That yet hae tarrow'd at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his *loves* or *debts*,
An' minds his griefs no more.

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scots beer* can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou my *Muse!* guid auld *Scotch Drink*,
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

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But sneer na *British boys* awa',
For kings are unco scant ay;
An' German gentles are but *sma'*,
They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But, ere the *course* o' life be thro',
It may be bitter sautet:
An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
That yet hae tarrow'd at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his *loves* or *debts*,
An' minds his griefs no more.

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scots beer* can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou my *Muse!* guid auld *Scotch Drink*,
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer na *British boys* awa',
For kings are unco scant ay;
An' German gentles are but *sma'*,
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In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin,
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear:
Thou cheers the heart o' droopin Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At's weary toil:
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in,
Or reeking on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup !
Then *Burncurin** comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight ;
Wae worth the name ;
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

---

* *Burnewin—burn-the-wind*—the Blacksmith.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-bree*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out-owre a glass o' *whiskey punch*,
Wi' honest men.

O *whiskey !* soul o' plays an' pranks !
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks !
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses !
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s !

Thee, *Ferintosh !* O sadly lost !
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a' ;
For loyal *Forbes'* charter'd boast,
Is taen awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *whisky stells* their prize !
Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
There, seize the blinkers !
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' *whiskey gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST

CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of distillation! last and best——
——How art thou lost!——

PARODY ON MILTON.

Ye Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

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Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your Honours' heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her a—e
Low i' the dust,
An' scriechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me's* in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On *Aquavitæ*;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle Devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does onie great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em.
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'ring votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle;
An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin a *stell*,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feel's his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's *pot*
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire an' out o' sight!
But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,
Or gab like *Boswell*,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honours, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period, an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran:
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran**,
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Grahamt*;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
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Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick*, an' *Ilay*;
An' *Livingstone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*;
Or, faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
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Play'd her that pliskie!)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud,
About her whiskey.

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* Sir Adam Ferguson.
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An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' the first she meets.

For G-d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit an' lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the caddie;
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sporting lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's**
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

---

* A worthy old hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he ettimes studies politics over a glass of guid auld *Scotch Drink*.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition.*

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail an' brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
That haunt *Saint Jamie's!*
Your humble Poet sings an' prays
While *Rab* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves, in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their whiskey.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And *port, O port!* shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER, ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE, TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDONNEL, ANTIQUARIAN.

TUNE—"Sir John Malcolm."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo, & ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?
Igo, & ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo, & ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo, & ago,
Or haudin Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo, & ago,
As for the Deil, he daur na steer him.
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Igo, & ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo, & ago.
The very stanes that Adam bore
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, & ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kenn'd and noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *graunie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *graunie* summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light;
Wi', you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough:
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs,
Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
Wi wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill:
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jingling icy-boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Masons'* mystic *word* an' *grip*
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to h-ll !

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' a' the soul of love they shar'd
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r :

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog !
Ye came to Paradise *incog*.
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa' !)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the *man of Uz*
Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

---

* Vide Milton, Book VI.

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But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

---

* Vide Milton, Book VI.

ON THE LATE

CAPTAIN GROSE'

PEREGINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND, COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin*,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' Deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin
At some black art.—

---

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b—es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
An' dog-skin wallet,
And taen the—*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' old nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets*,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's phillibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang kail-gullie.—

---

* Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

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---

* Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves:

Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
They downa bide the stink o' pouther;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot!—they're aff, a throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal *George's* will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him:
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him:
An' when he fa's.
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him,
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season;
But tell me *whiskey's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld respected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whar ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
(*Freedom* and *whiskey* gang thegither!)
Tak aff your dram!

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.
MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern, grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to *a Deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN GROSE.

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor FRANCIS lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load*.

LINES

ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I spreckled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

---

* Mr. Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself, with the greatest good humour, on the singular rotundity of his figure. This Epigram, written by Burns, in a moment of festivity, was so much relished by the antiquarian, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion that gave it birth to a very late hour.

I've been at drucken *writers'* feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken;
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
Up higher yet, my bonnet;
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glow'r,
And how he star'd and stammer'd,
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd,
....

I sliding shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his lordship steal't a look
Like some portentous omen;
Except good-sense and social glee,
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as well's another
Nae *honest*, *worthy* man need care,
To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

THE INVENTORY,

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE TAXES.

Sir, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith
To which I'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.
My *Lan' afore's** a guid auld *has-been*,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been,
My *Lan' ahin's*† a weel gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie‡,
An' your auld burro' monie a time,
In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance, whan in my wooing pride,
I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,

---

* The fore-horse on the left hand in the plough.

† The hindmost on the left hand in the plough.

‡ Kilmarnock.

The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that too!)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My *Furr ahin's** a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie;
Forbye a *Cowt*, o' *Cowt's* the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail.
If he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
Ae auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run deils for rantin and for noise;
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.
I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely.
An' ay on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the Questions *targe* them tightly;
Till, faith! wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as onie in the dwalling.

---

* The hindmost horse on the left-hand in the plough.

I've nane in female servan' station,
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation !)
I hae nae wife ; and that my bliss is,
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses :
An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the devils dare na touch me.

Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace ;
But her, my bonie sweet, wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the L—d ! ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm takin ;
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
'Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.

The kirk an' you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat :
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list, wi' my ain hand I wrote it,
Day and date as under notit,
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.
Mossgiel, Feb. 22, 1786.

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detest'd, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin cattle,
In shoals and nations:
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantation.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rills, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height,
O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine *Lunardi!* fie,
How dare ye do't?

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin.
Thae *winks* and *finger ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us
And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS

TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle,
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

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The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of *discord* squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache!

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your burdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reeking, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums,
Then auld guid man, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling hearth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis!*

THE HOLY FAIR*.

A role of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in *Religion*.

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.

---

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the west of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way ;
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black.
But ane wi' lyart lining ;
The third, that gaed a-wee-a-back,
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes !
Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as onie slaes :
The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
As light as onie lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, " Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me :
I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
But yet I canna name ye."

Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
An' taks me by the hands,
" Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the teck
Of a' the ten commands
A screed some day.

" My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae ;
An' this is *Superstition* here,
An' that's *Hypocrisy*.
I'm gaun to ********* *Holy Fair*,
To spend an hour in daffin :
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin
At them this day.

Quoth I, " With a' my heart, I'll do't ;
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot ;
Faith we'se hae fine remarkin !"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time
An' soon I made me ready ;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith
Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
There, swankies, young, in braw braid claith
Are springin o'er the gutters.

The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter ;
Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
An' *farls* bak'd wi' butter
Fu' crump that day.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gathrin,
Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy blethrin
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra gentry,
There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkin at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch of wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K******ck,
For *fun* this day.

Here some are thinking on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes ;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins
Anither sighs an' prays :

On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day

O happy is that man an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him!
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck.
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
For ****** speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t—n.
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G— present him,
The very sight o' ******'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o faith
Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin an' he's jumpin!

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day!

But, hark! the *tent* has chang'd its voice;
There's peace an' rest nae langer;
For a' the *real-judges* rise,
They canna sit for anger.
**** opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style an' gestures fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

In guid times comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For ******, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:

See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While *Common-Sense* has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate*,
Fast, fast, that day.

Wee *****, niest, the guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit an sense
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint stowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or College:

---

* A street so called, which faces the *tent* in ——.

It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
  It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whiskey gill, or penny wheep,
  Or onie stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
  To kittle up our notion
    By night or day.

The lads an' lasses blythely bent
  To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table weel content,
  An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
  They're making observations ;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
  An' formin assignations,
    To meet some day.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
  Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the shouts :
  Black ****** is nae spairin :
His piercing words, like Highland swords,
  Divide the joints an' marrow ;
His talk o' H-ll, where devils dwell,
  Our vera sauls does harrow*
    Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
  Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
Wha's raging flame, an' scorchin heat,
  Wad melt the hardest whunstane !

---

* Shakspeare's Hamlet.

The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snorin
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches;
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld Guidmen, about the *grace*,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

Now *Clincumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith and hope, an' love, an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune,
For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts
O sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
As saft as onie flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie
Some ither day.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to *B-gb—'s* in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder*;
But O ******* aft made her yell,
An' R ***** sair misca'd her;
This day M' ******* takes the flail,
And he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daub her
Wi' dirt this day.

---

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the Laigh Kirk.

Mak naste an' turn King David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor ;
This day the Kirk kicks up a stour,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
An' gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger ;
Or *Phineas*† drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
Or *Zipporah*‡, the scauldin jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion ;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression ;
Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin,
Spare them nae day.

---

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.
† Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.
‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver.

Now auld *Kilmarnock* cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty ;
For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick and wale,
No gien by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
To think upon our *Zion ;*
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
Come screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flying
Fu' fast this day !

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately *F-nw-ck*, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin :
Our Patron, honest man ! *Glencairn*,
He saw mischief was brewin ;
And, like a godly elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
And sound this day.

Now R*******harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever :
Or try the wicked town of *Ayr*,
For there they'll think you clever ;

Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

M***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones:
Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons:
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons:
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city:
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel,
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to h-ll,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come, bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'*******, R*****, are the boys,
That heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
And cow her measure shorter
By the head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
To every *New Light** mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion:
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

*See Note, vol. I. p. 246.

ADDRESS

TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;
The *rigid Righteous* is a fool;
The *rigid Wise* anither;
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.
Solomon.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebors' faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
For glaikit Folly's portals;

I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
(And what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences:
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
D-mnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang;
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis HE alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

THE TWA HERDS*.

O A' ye pious, godly flocks,
Well fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks
About the dykes?

The twa best Herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty summers past,
O! dool to tell,
Hae had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel.

O M——y, man, and wordy R——ll,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how new-light Herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The L—d's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

---

* This piece was among the first of our Author's productions which he submitted to the public; and was occasioned by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Kilmarnock,

O, Sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit!
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
O sic a feast!

The thummart wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice thro a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What Herd like R——ll tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light Herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin,
Could shake them o'er the burning dub;
Or heave them in.

Sic twa!—O, do I live to see't!
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en,
While new-light Herds, wi' laughin spite,
Say neither's liein'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D——n deep, and P——s shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle A—d,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
There's scarce a new Herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

D——e has been lang our fae,
M'——ll has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M——e,
And baith the S——s,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats amang oursel,
There S—h for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their Herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M'——ll's close, nervous excellence,
M' Q—'s pathetic, manly sense,
And guid M'——h,
Wi' S—th, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ——,

On his Text, Malachi, ch. iv. ver. 2. "And they shall go forth, and grow up, like calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' Heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf!*

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk.*

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a *Stot!*

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head of *horns.*

And in your lug, most reverend *James,*
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the *nowte.*

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous *Bullock!*"

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee.

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin an' a shinin light,
To a' this place.

.....

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plunged me in hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin lake,
Whar damned Devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a staik.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great an' ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an' example
To a' thy flock.

O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin there, and dancin here,
Wi' great an' sma';
For I am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin.

.....

Besides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow;
But L—d, that Friday I was fou;
When I came near her,
Or else, thou kens, thy *servant true*
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleshly thorn*,
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae *gifted*;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

L—d bless thy chosen in this place,
For *here* thou hast a *chosen race*;
But G-d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame.

L—d, mind G—n H——n's deserts,
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at carts,
Yet has sae monie takin arts,
Wi' grit an' sma',
Frae G—d's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Upo' their heads,
L--d weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A——n,
My very heart an' saul are quakin,
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' p—d wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lips and snakin,
Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r;
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

Here Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has taen some other way,
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is as sure's a gun,
Poor silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grum,
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a-wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane;
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, Sir, Deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

THE KIRK'S ALARM*,

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast has been blawn in the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac†, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon onie pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

---

* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Essay.

† Dr. M'Gill.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob* is its ruin.

D'rymple mild†, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John‡, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James‖, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chace in your view;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney§, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul Thief is just at your gate.

---

* R——t A—k—n.

† Mr. D—m—le.

‡ Mr. R–ss–ll.

‖ Mr. McK—y.

§ M——y.

Daddy Auld *, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk;
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster†, Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits:
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose‡, Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and caw'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie‖, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a-stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk§, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur let me tell ye!
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

---

* Mr. A—d.
† Mr. Y—g of C—n—k.
‡ Dr. A. M—ll.
§ Mr. G——t of O—l—e,
‖ Mr. P—b—s of A-r.

Barr Stenie*, Barr Stenie, what mean ye? what
mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi 'the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins an sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irwine side†, Irwine side, wi' your turkey-cock
pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will
allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock‡, Muirland Jock, when the L—d
makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at once.

Holy Will‖, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're taen for a saint,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual
guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping
turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your Muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

---

* S——n Y—g of B—r.
† Mr. S——d.
‡ Mr. S——h of G—n.
‖ An Elder in M—s.

LETTER

TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

On the Publication of his Essays.

O GOUDIE ! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs
Soor bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin looks back,
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin, glowrin Superstition,
Waes me ! she's in a sad condition ;
Fy, bring Black-Jock her state physician.
To see her w-ter ;
Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple
But now she's got an unco ripple,
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death ;
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption,
Not a' the quacks wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her,
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor* are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

A DEDICATION,

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleeching, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnam'd like *his grace*,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are *ye*,
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

---

* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough;*
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, L—d be thankit, *I can beg;*
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just *sic Poet*, an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his goodness is abus'd:
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does not mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption,
Not a' the quacks wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her,
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor* are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
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Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,

Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The *gentleman* in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of d-mnation:
It s just a carnal inclination.

Morality! thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
But point the rake that takes the *door*:
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply every art o' *legal* thieving;
No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lv-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quakin terror!
When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him:

While o'er the *harp* pale mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *Dedication!*
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You*:
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir:—

"May ne'er misfortune's growling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk!*
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May K******'s far honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till H********s, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonie lasses round their table
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able

To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days;
Till his wee curlie *John's* ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest wi' Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which powers above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl *Want*,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognise my *master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my *friend* and *brother*,

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN RANKEN.

AE day as Death, that grusome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl',
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And monie a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter;
Asham'd himself to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'ring at the b—es,
"By G— I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual corps present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L—d G—d!" quoth he, "I have it now,
There's just the man I want, in faith,"
And quickly stopped Ranken's breath.

LINES,

WRITTEN BY BURNS, WHILE ON HIS DEATH-BED, TO THE SAME.

HE who of R—k—n sang, lies stiff and dead;
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

EXTEMPORE,

ON THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE.

To Crochallan came*
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night,
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

At a Meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, held to commemorate the anniversary of Rodney's Victory, April 12th, 1782, Burns was called upon for a Song, instead of which he delivered the following Lines extempore:

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost:
That we lost, did I say, nay, by Heav'n that we found,
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing:

Mr. Smellie and Burns were both members of a club in Ediaburgh, called the Crochallan Fencibles.

An here's the grand fabric, our free constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And, longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

EXTEMPORE,

TO MR. S**E, ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST OF COOKERY.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry, the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

December 17, 1795.

TO MR. S**E.

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit;
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for S**e were fit

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

EXTEMPORE,

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE OF BURNS, INVITING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye,
Or else the Deil's be in it.

EXTEMPORE,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
'Till slave and despot be but things which were.

LINES

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

OH! had each SCOT of ancient times,
Been, JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward.

LINES

ON BEING ASKED, WHY GOD HAD MADE MISS DAVIS SO LITTLE, AND MRS. *** SO LARGE.

Written on a Pane of Glass in the Inn at Moffat.

Ask why God made the gem so small,
An' why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS.

Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—*confess*;
True it is, she had one failing,
Had a woman ever less?

LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE &c. SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO.

Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

Dumfries Theatre, 1794.

LINES

WRITTEN ON WINDOWS OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with a gay folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving war of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty;
I'm better pleas'd *to make one more*,
Than be the death of twenty.

MY bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it, ye'll find him out.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And meau thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:
What premiers, what? even Monarch's mighty gaugers?
Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wisemen:
What are they, pray? but spiritual Excisemen.

A VERSE,

PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR, TO THE MASTER OF A HOUSE, AT A PLACE IN THE HIGHLANDS, WHERE HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED.

When Death's dark stream I ferry o er,
A time that surely shall come:
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

EPIGRAM.

[BURNS, accompanied by a friend, having gone to Inverary at a time when some company were there on a visit to the Duke of Argyll, finding himself and his companion entirely neglected by the Inn-keeper, whose whole attention seemed to be occupied with the visitors of his Grace, expressed his disapprobation of the incivility with which they were treated in the following lines.]

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he comes to wait upon
The Lord their God his Grace.
There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger.

EPIGRAM

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Prose has turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan?—proceed no further,
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

WE cam na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise :

But when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us !

EPITAPH,

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter **** in death does sleep ;
To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
O Death ! it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch,
Into thy dark dominion !

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Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch,
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet *wee* Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnny!
An' here his *body* lies fu' low—
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR G. H. ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here G——*n* sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd* or *damn'd!*

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass,
To school in bands thegither,
O tread you lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

ON JOHN DOVE,

INN-KEEPER, MAUCHLANE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon,
What was his religion,
Whoe'er desires to ken,
To some other warl
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane.

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori* ;
But a full flowing-bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

ON WALTER S——.

SIC a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the worms ev'n d——d him,
When laid in his grave.

" In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starv'd reptile cries ;
" An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
The Devil rul'd the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spar'd his life,
Whom we this day lament!
We freely wad exchang'd the *wife*,
And a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The *swap* we yet will do't;
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the *saul* o' *boot*.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd shewn her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the
powder.
But Queen N *******, of a different complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have *eat* her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to shew her respect, but—*to save the expense.*

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP DOG NAMED ECHO.

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

IMPROMPTU ON MRS.——'S BIRTH-DAY.

4th November, 1793.

Old Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd:
What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless sons no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow.
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once, be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!

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But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once, be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!

That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me.—
'Tis done! says Jove;—so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd!
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd;
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from her ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam.
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OF ——.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.

See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo! there she goes, unpitied and unblest!
She goes but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
In other worlds can mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,
While down the wretched *vital part* is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n.

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession:

Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

ELEGY

ON THE YEAR 1788.

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But, oh! prodigious to reflect,
A *Towmont*, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O *Eighty-eight*, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead;
The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
An' our gudewife's we birdy cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the *hen-birds* unco civil;
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin,
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden!

Ye ministers, come mount the pulpit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' rupit;

For *Eighty-eight* he wish'd you weel,
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en monie a plack, an' monie a peck,
Ye kean yoursels for little feck!

Ye bonie lasses dight your een,
For some o' you hae tint a frien':
In *Eighty-eight*, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep:
Nay, ev'n the yirth itsel does cry,
For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O *Eighty-nine*, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shackl'd *regent*,
But, like himsel, a full, free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur then he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

TAM SAMSON'S* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

Has auld K******* seen the Deil?**
Or great M'*****† thrawn his heel!**
Or R*****‡ again grown weel,**
To preach an' read?
"Na, war than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
Tam Samson's dead!

K******* lang may grunt an' grane,**
An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To death she's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

---

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields;" and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide the Ordination, stanza II.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination, stanza IX.

The brethren of the mystic *level*,
May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like onie bead;
Death's gien the lodge an' unco devil;
Tam Samson's dead!

When winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the *cock?*
Tam Samson's dead!

He was the King o' a' the core.
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar,
In time of need;
But now he lags on death's *hog-score*,
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's *fish-creel* we wail,
Tam Samson's dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie muircocks, crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd,
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead!

Owre many a weary hag he limpit,
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
"L—d, five!" he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
You auld grey stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead!

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch an' breed;
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
O' pouther an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul whare'er he be!
Is the wish o' monie mae than me;
He had twa faults, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

.....

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie**,
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin.

ELEGY

ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM AI MIGHTY GOD.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heavenly light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The muckle Devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

---

* Kilmarnock.

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---

* Kilmarnock.

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity stays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' todlin din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonilie,
In scented bow'rs:
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O *Henderson!* the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait.
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a nobler sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha wheel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If onie whiggish, whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our *billie's* gien us a' the jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*;
In social key
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him :
The widows, wives, an a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him,
That's owre the sea.

O Fortune! they hae room to grumble ;
Hadst thou taen off some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble
'Twad been nae plea ;
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear,
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee :
He was her *laureate* monie a y[illegible]
That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld *nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
A jillet brak his heart at last.
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud independent stomach,
Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding*;
He dealt it free
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee;
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie!*
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang,
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Ev'n Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus! wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will name the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines:
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines;
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonie lasses bleach their claes:
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day

Thy rural loves are nature's sel
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swe. ,
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spel'
O' witchin love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, ELLISLAND, ON NEW-YEAR-DAY EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Tho', by the by, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:

But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new-year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage, grave Ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day,"
If *wiser too*—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"*think!*"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the Dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him;
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN

BY MR. WOODS, ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT,

Monday, 16th April, 1787.

WHEN by a generous public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
When *here* your favour is the *actor's* lot,
Nor even the *man* in *private life* forgot;
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' power in Southern's song:
But here an ancient nation, fam'd afar
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, *Caledonia!* name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!
Where every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Here History paints with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;

Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
And Harley* rouses all the god in man.
When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit unite,
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place,)
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here!
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Like *Caledonians*, you applaud or blame.

O Thou! dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
May every son be worthy of his sire;
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

---

* The Man of Feeling, written by Mr. M'Kenzie.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings:
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp *the Rights of Man;*
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred right of Woman is *protection.*—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.—

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion.
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it,—'tis *decorum.*—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time when rough, rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—

Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Right of Kings in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration!*
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! the Majesty of Woman!

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE,

ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DECEMBER 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious sure this night than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes,

Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue business slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
Dy'e think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove:
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—

Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf;
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
I sing: If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right:

A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L--d, what is man ! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks ;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and
his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion sir Pope hugely
labours,
That like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats
up its neighbours :
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you
know him?
Pull the string—ruling passion the picture will
show him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth should have miss'd him;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe ;
Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in
the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
P'ossessing the one shall imply you've the other.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE,

AT KERROUGHTRY, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON, WRITTEN IN SUMMER, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd:
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here justice from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail;
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair B.—— strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine,
I see the *sire of love on high*,
And own his work indeed divine

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas! how chang'd the times to come;
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam
Tho' rigid law cries out 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps,
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore:
Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
Haply *my sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where *your* father's led!

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BOOK V.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care:

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky:
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes,
And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin looks had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—LIBERTIE!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes*.

---

* The scenery so finely described in this poem is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing, by night, on the banks of the Cluden, near the ruins of Lincluden-abbey, of which some account is given in Pennant's Tour and Grose's Antiquities. It is to be regretted that he suppressed the song of LIBERTIE. From the resources of his genius, and the grandeur and solemnity of the preparation, something might have been anticipated, equal, if not superior, to the Address of Bruce to his Army, to the Song of Death, or to the fervid and noble description of the dying soldier in the field of battle.

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BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains! and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Whae sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

SONG OF DEATH.

SCENE—A Field of Battle. Time of the day—Evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave:
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
hands,
Our King and our Country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave?

IMITATION

OF AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We dare na' weel say't, but we ken whae's to
blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd:
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THE

LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be:
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

THE ABSENT WARRIOR.

Tune—"Logan Water."

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride,
And years sinsyne have o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear,
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
Has made our hills and valleys gay:
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blithe, morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Air—"The Mill Mill O."

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And monie a widow mourning:

I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill and trystin thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:

Wha spied I but my ane dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger!
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like onie lily ;
She sank within my arms and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?

By him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded—
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd
A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize ;
The sodger's wealth is honour :

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory ope thy door

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some *pity* on me shaw.
If *love* it may nae be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest?

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

WITH ALTERATIONS.

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
Tho' thou hadst been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh!

THE INTREATY.

TUNE—" Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
For Love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let, &c.

THE ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na' me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
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THE

FORLORN LOVER.

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wint'ry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love
O wert, &c.

THE DREARY NIGHT.

TUNE—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er so weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang:
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her deurie.

When I think on the lightsome day
I spent wi' thee my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I but be eerie!
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

POORTITH CAULD.

TUNE—"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

CHORUS.

O why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as Love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
It's pride and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woo's his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, &c.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

ISABELLA.

TUNE—"M'Grigor of Rero's Lament."

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd, deploring—
"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud away hame
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

THE

PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY's taen the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he has gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

THE

ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—"Druimion dubh."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me
Downy sleep, the curtain draw
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

FAIR ELIZA,

A GAELIC AIR.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza;
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

ELIZA.

TUNE—"Nancy's to the Greenwood," &c.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling;
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist, while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me;
The unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

DEPARTURE OF NANCY.

TUNE—"Oran-gaoil."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart;
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell:
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me?

MY NANIE'S AWA.

TUNE—"There'll never be peace," &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And sooth me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair:

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure;
Hope beaming mild on the soft-parting hour;
But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever!*
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the Winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the Summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone:

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

THE
BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.

Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the whyle,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wint'ry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air;

But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile,
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose;
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree
And my fause lover stole my rose
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

CRAIGIE-BURN.

TUNE—"Craigie-burn-wood."

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

THE

CHEERLESS SOUL.

TUNE—"Jockey's Grey Breeks."

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw.
The mavis and the lintwhite sing

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill.
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring ste
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art!
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' Man and Nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair,
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—"Bide ye yet."

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—"Saw ye my father?"

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning?
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

ADDRESS

TO THE WOOD LARK.

TUNE—"Where'll bonnie Ann lie." Or,
"Loch Eroch-side."

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair;
Or my poor heart is broken!

FRAGMENT,

IN WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION OF SCOTS SONGS.

AIR—"Hughie Graham."

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd*.

"O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

"Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light."

---

* These stanzas were prefixed by Burns.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
  On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
  I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
  Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
  To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
  Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
  If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
  Wi' thee reign, to wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown,
  Wad bee my queen, wad be my queen.

THE AULD MAN.

But lately seen in gladsome green
  The woods rejoice the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
  In double pride were gay:

But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe,
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in Time's wint'ry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd monie a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere
And gies a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

HOPELESS LOVE.

TUNE—"Liggerham Cosh.

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:

Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me,
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
Hopeless love declaring!
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!

If she winna ease the thraws,
In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—"Robie Donna Gorach."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Commins ance had high command:

When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom.
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!

Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale;
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

CASTLE GORDON.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands;
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil.
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonie Castle Gordon.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

THE SACRED VOW.

TUNE—"Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi*,
The winds were whisp'ring through the grove
The yellow corn was waving ready:

I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!

Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery through her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow;

---

* A mountain west of Strath-Allan, 3009 feet high.

But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure;
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her our bosom's treasure?

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"Corn rigs are bonie."

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I kent her heart was a' my ain,
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright
That shone that hour so clearly .
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinkin ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinkin :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonie ;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

THE LEA-RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star,
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain-deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It maks my heart sae cheerie O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

THE

LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
Wi' the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

BONIE LESLEY.

O saw ye bonie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.

BONIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blithest bird upon the busn
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
An learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to tronble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could heartless Jeanie do
She had nae will to sae him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

TO JEANIE.

AIR—"Cauld Kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur

And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her.
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure :
I'll seek nae mair, o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure :

And by thy e'en sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers ;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE—"The Quaker's wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy ·
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish :
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure :
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning :
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

CLOUDEN KNOWES.

TUNE—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonie dearie.

HARK, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang:
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent tow'rs,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

TO CHLORIS.

TUNE—"My lodging is on the cold Ground.'

My Chloris, mark how green the groves
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay.
And o'er the cottage sings.
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

CHLORIS

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man,
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lovers vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

LASSIE WITH THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"Rothemurche's Rant."

CHORUS

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie-lassie, artless lassie,
Will thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
Lassie, &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.
Lassie, &c.

And when the howling wint'ry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.
Lassie, &c.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—"This is no my ain House."

CHORUS.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this, &c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this, &c.

JESSY.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney."

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy
Here's, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

Bonie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will you go to the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

THE ROSE-BUD.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

TUNE—"N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny."

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant Death with grim control
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

TUNE—"Seventh of November."

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee, alone I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

CONSTANCY

TUNE—"My love is lost to me."

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel;
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.

I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name,
I only live to love thee.

Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.

LOVELY JEAN.

TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE

BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue:
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa' lovely een o' bonie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily white;
It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul I wist nae how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee
By the treasure of my sou

And that's the love I bear thee !
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me !
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me ;
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me ;
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

LUCY.

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon ?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree,
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun's gaen down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart.
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

BLITHE PHEMIE.

CHORUS.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
As onie lamb upon a lee:
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, &c.

CHARMING NANNIE.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill:
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weal, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

.....

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will;
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.
Within, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea,
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
Within, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
Within, &c.

. . . . . .

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
Within, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O

ANNA.

TUNE—"Banks of Bana.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my honey bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs take the east and west
Frae Indus to Savannah,
Gie me within my straining grasp,
The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana;
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take with Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god of day!
Awa, thou pale Diana;
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come in thy raven plumage Night!
Sun, moon, and stars, withdraw a'!
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports with my Anna!

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel:
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel'
Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield:
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will;
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
O guid advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye hae wooers monie ane,
And lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me;
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The cauniest gate, the strife is sair;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilful folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye
But the tender heart of leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on,
Content and luve brings peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne?

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity:
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
"Guid day to you, brute," he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Some counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

ANE-AND-TWENTY.

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

CHORUS.

An O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An O, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and twenty, Tam.
An O, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at aue-and-twenty, Tam.
An O, &c.

SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?—
For the sake o' somebody

O WHISTLE, &c.

CHORUS.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let nae-body see,
And come as ye were na comin to me.
And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie:
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.
Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee:
But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

THE YOUNG LASSIE.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jennie for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doylt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee,
My laddie's so meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THE MERCENARY LOVER.

TUNE—"Balinamona ora."

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms,
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes.

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest:
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.

Then hey, &c

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR—"O bonie Lass, will you lie in a Barrack?"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappan, the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fellow and taen the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving:
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen.
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me mauna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past descriving had then been my bliss
As now my distraction no words can express.

TO TIBBIE.

TUNE—"Invercald's Reel."

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would nae been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na' but gaed by like stoure:
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad spier your price
Where ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would nae gie her in her sark,
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye needna look sae high.
O Tibbie, &c.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe yule night when we were fu'
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' louping o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and cantie baith,
Ha, ha, &c.

THE BRAW WOOER.

TUNE—"The Lothian Lassie.'

LAST May a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me:
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying.

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad you think, in a fortnight or less,
The deil take his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' c.. e,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine, fickle lover was there
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warloc
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink
Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink.
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear las:
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthie and swe
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't
But, heavens ! how he fell a-swearin, a-swea
But, heavens ! how he fell a-swearin.

He begg'd, for Gudesake ! I wad be his
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-mo
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

WILLIE'S WIFE.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O tinkler Madgie was her mother;

CHORUS.

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bough-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An wi' her loof her face a washin ;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;
Sic a wife, &c.

A PECK O' MAUT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut
And Rob and Allan cam to see ;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e ;
The cock may craw, the day may daw
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be!
We are, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
We are, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are, &c.

THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the rising sun.

CHORUS.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then guidwife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then guidwife, &c.

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there, for honest poverty,
  That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

CONTENTMENT

TUNE—"Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' good fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'enlet the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure, or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lan
reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the p
fume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green brec
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang ye
broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bow
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly
seen :
For there lightly tripping amang the wild flow
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valle
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave :
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt
proud palace,
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and sl

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling f
tains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain :
He wanders as free as the winds of his mount
Save love s willing fetters, the chains o' his J

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle sair and tough,
And reeking-red ran monie a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades
To meet them were na slaw man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey-men died awa, man.

But had you seen the phillbegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man:

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw myself, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight
But cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate,
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' bluid to spill;
For fear by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
And so it goes, you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:

Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang and some for right;
But monie bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
And whigs to hell did flee, man.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

April, 1795.

TUNE—"Push about the Jorum."

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon*,
And Criffelt sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, &c

---

* A high hill at the source of the Nith.

† A well-known mountain at the mouth of the Solway.

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided ;
Till slap come in an unco loun
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a claut may fail in't ;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it ;
By Heaven the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be d—mn'd together!
Who will not sing, " God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
But while we sing, " God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

THE WHISTLE,

A BALLAD.

As the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.

In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature, and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.

After many overthrows on the part of the Scot., the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddle, of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.

On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelton; Robert Riddle, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish King,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scout
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenrindel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

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* See Ossian's Caric-thura.

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* See Ossian's Caric-thura.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Roger More*,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe---or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er:
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core.
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

---

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart-bumpers contend?
Tho' fate said—a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarrock, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink;
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

JOHN BARLEYCORN*,

A BALLAD.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they ha' sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

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* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age,
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round:
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

THE END.

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BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

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